

FITZSIMMONS OBSERVES THE COURTESY OF THE HIGHWAY AND SAYS "GOOD MORNING, GENTS."



Davenport
CARSON
MARCH 10

Carson, Nev., March 10.—Corbett was overtaken by Fitzsimmons on the Carson Prison road this morning. Fitzsimmons and Corbett refused to shake. Mr. Davenport and myself were the only persons outside the parties of the pugilists who witnessed the incident.



W. W. NAUGHTON.

NAUGHTON ON TRAINING.

He Compares the Preparatory Methods of the Two Men.

THE RESULTS ARE ALIKE.

Both Champions Are in Fine Fix for the Battle—The Day at Their Quarters.

By W. W. Naughton.

Carson, Nev., March 15.—Pudd'nhead Wilson is the latest celebrity to get credit for the saying that it is differences of opinion that make horse racing. The arranging of prize fights is of course traceable to a similar cause, and there are other departments of sport that receive an impetus from the manner in which human ideas vary. It comes that fighters can't agree even on the proper method of tapering off a season of training, and nowhere is this better exemplified than in the case of Corbett and Fitzsimmons. Corbett began easing up in his work yesterday. To-day he did but little, to-morrow he will do less, and on Wednesday, the day of the fight, a few short sprints in the morning to clear his air pipes will be deemed all that is necessary by the pompous pugilist from San Francisco.

Fitz worked hard on Saturday and refrained from exercising yesterday. To-day he went in for big ticks again, and to-morrow he will go as light as possible. Wednesday he will allow to take care of himself, but his trainers will not be surprised to see him go in for a good loosening up before entering the ring.

Their Different Methods.
It will thus be seen that Corbett is a firm believer in the diminution process while Fitz winds up with hard and easy days alternating. It is noted on all sides, however, that Fitz and Corbett are to-day as clean-skinned, as firm-fleshed and as well muscled a pair of modern gladiators as ever crunched resin beneath their feet. Corbett's condition was voted perfection by those who saw him defeat Jim Nealon in a few games of handball this morning, and put in a half hour at bag punching and boxing. He looked as trimly built as a thoroughbred race horse keyed up for a big stake event, but at the same time there was nothing fine drawn about him or the

FITZSIMMONS SAYS HE IS TRAINED TO A NICETY.

He Figures Himself as a Certain Winner and Discusses in a General Way the Methods He Will Employ—All His Plans May Be Changed After He Faces His Enemy in the Ring.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.
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Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch, Carson, Nev., March 15.—I am beginning to hear some strange echoes of the last time I trained to meet Corbett at Corpus Christi. It appears that Charles White, the busybody who has been engaged by "Gentleman Jim" to explain my weaknesses, has been spreading the report that I had a stuffed man at Corpus Christi whom I used to practice foul blows on. The statement that I had a stuffed man down there is true, and that stuffed individual was Charley White. The story that I was practicing foul blows is the rankest kind of rubbish, but is on a par with the average nonsense that emanates from Mr. White. I merely refer to this matter so as to indicate that I am familiar with the source of the canard.

My work to-day pleased me thoroughly, and after rub-down I went to lunch with my heart beating regularly and sending the blood through my veins like a race horse. I have done just about what I should have done in my training for this fight. Not too much, nor yet too little. Had I to do it all over again, I would not make a single change in my system nor depart one iota from the way I intend to conclude. I have brought out everything in my training that could have been brought out, and I feel particularly gratified to find that all I anticipated has occurred and that I am as nearly perfect in physique and condition as I ever was in my life.

I will take a good run this afternoon and retire early in order to get a good long rest and overcome the fatigue of

least suspicion of overwork. His color since he began hill climbing in the sunny weather which now prevails has become a kind of dusky bronze, and his face, once he took to tapering off in his exercises, has filled out until no crow's feet or lines are visible. He is without an ache or pain from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head, and if he cannot win his fight on Wednesday it will be because he has met a man who is his master at the game of fistcuffs.

Out at Cook's Ranch.
Fitzsimmons had a large crowd at the grove this morning while going through his work, and he, too, was pronounced an excellent sample of athletic perfection. It

the day. To-morrow, barring a short jog, will be a day of rest. I will eat not much less than I have always eaten, and my only exertion will be to keep limber. My hands and arms are in tip-top form, and all the soreness has gone from my shoulders.

Kind Hopes for Corbett.
I trust Mr. Corbett can contain himself and treat his trainers kindly until the 17th. It is said of him that during the last week he has been in a very cantankerous and almost unbearable mood. He ought to know by this time that good humor saves vitality, and should be cultivated above all things by such a distinguished personage as "Gentleman Jim." Keep cool, my boy. The day is not a great way off, and I shall be on hand to participate.

Speaking of the Number of Rounds.
Replying to your request as to the number of rounds the fight will last and the manner in which I propose to make my fight, based on Corbett's previous fight, I desire to say that there are some things I shall be very pleased to tell the public through the Journal, but there are others which no good general would care to reveal to the public. I shall have to be extremely careful, as every statement I have made to the public through the Journal has been absolutely frank and accurate, and I cannot imagine myself descending to the meanness of deception to protect that which I consider it advisable to hold back. The things I can tell are these:

If Mr. Corbett begins the fight with a hurricane I shall in all probabilities be ready to receive him. If he mixes things up and comes to close quarters

is all fudge to attempt to judge the Cornishman's condition by his lean and comparatively scraggy neck, for once he bares his trunk and spectators get a flash of those formidable shoulders and back muscles the impression is created that a being with the head of a child and the frame of a giant is being gazed at.

There were a half dozen ladies among those who occupied the crowded benches along the walls of Bob's gymnasium, and the fair ones clapped their hands and stamped their feet as Fitzsimmons beat a bewildering tattoo on the swinging bag. The men who had gone out to size up the auburn-haired fighter were prone to admit that, while much lighter than Corbett,

and tries to tangle me, I will take advantage of all the in-fighting knowledge I possess. When Corbett fought with Sullivan he felt him for some time, and as soon as he found that he had gauged the big fellow, corrector, he went at him and made all he could of the opportunity.

Adapt Himself to Circumstances.
In all fights of any consequence when two men who are of such widely different styles as we are come together they are both likely to fit themselves to the conditions that arise after the trouble begins. There is one thing certain, so far as I am concerned, and it is that after Corbett has found my gait, he or I will have suffered as a result. I consider that Corbett heretofore has fought men who are my inferiors as fighters, and I believe no one knows it better than Corbett himself.

And in so far as he is conscious of this there is a strong probability that he has outlined a policy vastly different from anything else he has ever planned. His fight with Mitchell was a battle with a man unfit to go into the ring; his meeting with Chynski was not at all modern, and his minor bouts were of little or no consequence.

When he meets me I am of the opinion that the public will see him in an entirely different role than the one in which they have seen him before. As for myself, I am obliged to wait till I see him before me and am able to observe his methods. I know he is the biggest, strongest and cleverest man I ever went up against, but I am ready for anything likely to occur from start to finish.

Fitzsimmons seemed a bunch of muscles and nerves, with never an ounce of waste material.

It Was a Dress Rehearsal.
Fitz was togged up for the occasion, having on a sleeveless black exercising shirt and a pair of white flannel trousers, held in position by a broad leather belt. His somewhat scant hair was brushed carefully back, and the blood mounted to his cheeks and neck as he worked his shoulders and followed the flight of the bounding bag with his quick moving blue eyes. Even his big bare arms had a ruddy glow, and it was noticeable between rounds that his breathing was not nearly as heaving as it was a few days ago. There are two reasons for this. In the first place his cold has entirely disappeared, and in the

next place his lungs have become accustomed to the altitude. He is satisfied with his condition, and, like Corbett, declares that if the fight goes against him the sporting world will hear never a whisper from him on the score of imperfect training.

Trainers Felt Easy.
Corbett's trainers were light of heart when retiring time came last night. They felt that with the rough work of the training season past, the danger to head and limbs and the danger of taking chill or cold was minimized, and that about all they had to do was to keep their man in jolly mood until the hour came for sending him into the ring.

This morning, when Jim emerged from his cottage and walked across to the breakfast room, Charley White and the others watched him. They looked curiously into his face, wishing no doubt, to assure themselves that he had rested well. Jim noticed the close inspection he was being subjected to and he declared himself.

"Now look here, you fellows, just quit on this sizing up business. I don't like it and I won't have it. If an expert would happen around just now he would tell you that a lot of you are worrying and that I am not. The first man I catch sizing me up that way again I will get after, and my inquiries as to his health and the state of his mind will be so persistent that he will be glad to leave the place."

Is Cheerful Enough.
"It is positively laughable the ideas some men have of cheering a fellow up. They think he doesn't notice that most of their fine spirits are bogus and their efforts to be entertaining and easy going are enough to make a cow laugh."

"I remember the night before the Sullivan fight in New Orleans Delaney and some of those who were with me that night and they would lighten the hours, and at the same time keep my mind off the job."

Will Illustrate the Fight.
Donovan and Austin Will Give the Show in New York.

The great fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, which will take place at Carson City, Nev., on St. Patrick's Day, will be illustrated in New York by two past masters in the art of boxing. Professors Mike Donovan and Alf Austin will represent Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett, respectively. The reproduction will be given at the Pleasure Palace, Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, and as each round is reported over the wires the veteran pair of boxers will imitate each feat, lead and guard of the pugilists who at the time are fighting for the championship of the world and stakes and bets of \$40,000.

EX-SENATOR INGALLS ON HIS WORK.
He Prefers Newspaper Work and Personal Independence to a Life of Political Service at Public Expense.

Kansas City, Mo., March 15.—After two days at his home in Atchison, Kan., attending to his private business ex-Senator John J. Ingalls has left for Denver, en route to the pugilistic convention at Carson. Concerning his present calling he said:

"I suppose if I had gone into the hospital for political incurables after my defeat, and hung around Washington haunting the White House and the departments, importuning friends for endorsements and begging for some place at home or abroad, where I could have been supported from the public treasury, my course would have been considered as dignified and in strict accordance with usage and precedent."

Honestly, I had to ask them to quit. They were simply singing against time, and there was so little music in the racket they made that I would have preferred a smash from Sullivan to putting up with their torture any longer. Now, this goes to remind you that I am not bothering in the slightest about the fight, and I will excuse you all from doing the clown act to keep me in a merry mood."

Jim's morning work has already been referred to. After lunch he went to the cottage to write a letter or two and to reply to several dispatches which wished him all kinds of good luck. Brady, Red-erick Siler, Sheriff Kinney and several others were present, and, as showing that there was nothing turbulent about Corbett's thoughts, it may be mentioned that he started from writing at times to join in the small chat that was going on. Some one remarked that they hoped the seventeenth would be as clear and as sunny as to-day, in order that the kinetoscope operations might be successful and afford Dan Stuart an opportunity of pulling out all right in his venture.

Weather for the Fight.
Moore Says It Will Be Favorable—Scientist Phillips on the Election.

United States Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau.

Washington, D. C., March 15.

To the New York Journal:
The indications for Carson City, Nev., for Wednesday are favorable for fair weather with moderate temperature.

Andrew Jackson De Voe, of Hackensack, said yesterday that the great prize fight fixed to take place in Nevada to-morrow may have to be postponed on account of a big snow storm and terrific cold weather that may freeze up the hosts of sports en route to Carson City. De Voe does not say this because he is opposed to prize fights, but because he forecasts all such storms and expects at least ten inches of snow in his own vicinity. "For the month of March the cold weather between the 15th and 20th will break a record," concluded De Voe.

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.
Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles and suffering so painful to many that life is made miserable. The womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if left alone it is not liable to become diseased, except in rare cases. When in position the womb is situated back of and very close to the bladder, and for that reason any distress, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder, or urinary passage is often by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made, and may be as easily avoided by requiring a little attention to the condition of the urine (see pamphlet). The mild and extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At drugists 50 cents and \$1. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention this paper, and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietors of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.